

DIALOGUE.

Between WILLIAM LICK-LADLE, and THOMAS CLEAN-COGUE, who were feeding their Sheep upon the OCHELHILLS, upon the 12th. of November 1715. Being the Day the Battle of SHERIFF-MOOR was fought.

The Chorus to be sung after every Verse, to the Tune of, The Cameronians March.

W.L. Pray came you here the Fight to shun?
Or keep the Sheep with me, Man?
Or was you at the Sheriff-Moor?
And did the Battle see, Man?
Pray tell which of the Parties wone?
For well I wot I saw them run,
Both South and North; when they begun,
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With Muskets knell, and Pistols knell,
And some for Hell

Did flee then.

T.C. But my dear Will, I know not still
Which of the Two did lose then;
For well I wot they had good Skill,
To set upon their Foes then.
The Red-coats, they are train'd you see,
The Clans always disdain to flee;
Who then should gain the Victorie?
But the Highland Race all in a Brace,
With a swift Pace, to th'Whigs Dilgrace,
Did put to Chase

Their Foes then.

W.L. How (D---l) Tom! can that be true?
I saw the Chase go North, Man.

T.C. But well I wot they did pursue
Them even unto Forth, Man
Fra'Dumblain they ran, in my own Sight,
And got o're Bridge with all their Might;
And those at Stirling took the Flight.
If on yon Hill you'd been with me,
You'd seen them flee of each Degree;
For Fear to die,

For Sloath, Man.

W.L. My Sister Kate came up the Hill
With Croudie unto me, Man;
She swore she saw them running still,
From Perth unto Dundee, Man.
The Left Wing's General had no Skill,
The Angus Lads had no good Will,
That Day their Neighbours Blood to spill
For Fear, by Foes, that they should lose
Their Cogues of Brose, all crying Woes.
Yonder them goes!

Do you see, Man?

T.C. I see but few like Gentlemen
Among yon frightened Crew, Man;
I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
Or that he's ta'n, just now, Man.
For, tho' his Officers obey;
His cowardly Commons run away,
For Fear the Red-coats should them slay,
The Soldiers Hail, makes their Hearts fail,
See how they scale, and turn their Tail,
And run to Flail,

And Plow, Man.

W.L. But now brave Angus comes again
Unto the second Fight, Man;
They swear, they'll either die or gain:
No Foe shall them affright, Man.
Argyle's best Forces they'll withstand,
And rush on closs with Heart and Hand,

Give them a General to command:
A Man of Might, that can but fight;
And take Delight to lead them right,
And ae're desire

The Flight, Man.

But Flandrikins they have no Skill
To lead a Scotish Force, Man;
Their Motions do our Courage spill,
And put us to a Loss, Man.
You'll hear of us far better News,
When we attack like Highland-trews,
To hash and slash, and smash and bruise;
Till y' Fields, tho' braid, be all o'respread,
But Coat or Plaid, with Corps that's dead
In their cold Bed

That's Moss, Man

T.C. Two *Generals from the Field did run!
Lords, Huntly and Seaforth, Man:
They cry'd and run, grim Death to shun
Those Hero's of the North, Man!
They're fitter, far, for Book and Pen,
Than under Mars, to lead on Men:
E'r they came here, they might well ken
That Female Hands could ne're gain Lands.
Tis Highland-brands, that countermands
Argathelian Bands

Fra' Forth, Man.

W.L. The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
Lifting their Neighbours Cows then:
M'Kinnens and the Stewarts fled!
Figh! with a Cack in Trews, Man.
Had they behav'd as Donald's Core,
And bear all those were them before:
Their King had gone to France no more
Then each Whig Saint, would soon repent,
And straight recant his Covenant;
And rend it

At the News, Man.

T.C. M'grigors they far off did stand,
Badenach and Athol too, Man.
I hear they wanted the Command,
For I believe them true Men.
Perth Fife, and Angus, that were Horse,
Stood motionless, and some did worse:
For tho' the Red-coats went them cross,
They did conspire for to admire,
Clans run on Fire, Left Wing's retire!
While the Right's intire,

Pursue then.

W.L. But Scotland has not much to say
For such a Fight as this is.
Where both did fight, both run away,
The (D---l) take the Miss, is,
That ev'ry Officer was nor slain,
That run that Day, and was not ta'n,
Either flying from, or to Dumblain:
When Whig and Tory, in their Folly,
Strove for Glory, to our Sorry,
The sad Story,

Hush, is.

* General Hamilton and General Wetham.

F I N I S.

A RACE at Sheriff-Muir.

Fairly run, on the 12th. November, 1715.

To the Tune of the HORSEMAN'S SPORT.

Nota, The first two Lines of each Verse are to be repeated.

THERE's sona say, That we wan, some say, That they wan,
Some say, That nane wan at a - - Man:
But one Thing I'm sure, That at Sheriff-muir
A Battle there was, which I fa - - Man.
And we ran and they ran, and they ran and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa - - Man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven, not like frightn'd L---n,
Which Rotles and Haddington fa - - Man:
For they all with Wighman advanc't on the Right Man,
While others took Flight, being ra - - Men.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam, for Fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broad Swords, with a pa - - Man,
And that in such thrang, made Baird Edecang,
And from the brave Clans ran awa - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure, were firm I am sure,
The latter was kidnapt awa - - Man,
With brisk Men about, brave Harie retook
His Brother, and laugh't at them a - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Marjhal and Lithgow and Glengary's Pith too,
Assisted by brave Loggie-A-man;
And Gordon the Bright so boldly did fight,
The Red-coats took Flight and awa - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sirathmore and Clan-ronald, cry'd still advance Donald,
Till both of these Hero's did fa - - Man:
For there was such hashing, and broad Swords a clashing,
Brave Fofjar himself got a cla - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Pearsh stood the Storm, Seaforth but luke-watm,
Killyh and Strathallan: not fla - - Man:
And Hamilton pled, the Men were not bred,
For he had no Fancy to fa - - Man.
But we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk, Tiltibardin was brisk,
Whole Father indeed would not dra - - Man,
Into the same Yoke, which served for a Cloak,
To keep the Estate twixt them twa - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan act'd pretty, and Struan the Witty,
A Poet that pleases us a - - Man:
For mine is but Rhyme in Respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to dra - - Man.
Tho' we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair, they both plaid the Tinklar,
With Consciences black like a Cra - - Man.
Some Angus and Fife Men, they ran for their Life, Man,
And ne're a Lot's Wife there at a - - Man.
But we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy stood Watch, on a Hill for to catch
The Booty, for ought that I saw - - Man;
For he ne're advanc't, from the Place he was stanc't,
Till no more to do there at a - - Man.
For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the Flight, and Moubray the Wright;
But Leithem the Smith was a bra - - Man;
For he took the Gout, which truly was Wit,
By judging it time to withdra - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And Trumpet Marine too, whole Brecks were not clean, throw
Misfortune he happen'd to fa - - Man:
By saving his Neck, his Trumpet did break,
Came off without Musick at a - - Man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a Race was, as ne'er in that Place was,
And as little Chase was at a - - Man;
From other they ran, without Touck o' Drum
They did not make use of a pa - - Man.
But we ran and they ran, and they ran and we ran,
And we ran and they ran awa - - Man.

F I N I S.

7 JUL 1715